Under One Sky

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/14095944.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom, Charlie Countryman (2013), Adam (2009)
Relationships:	Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki, Darko (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki
Characters:	Adam Raki, Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Darko (Charlie Countryman), Vince OC
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Mob, Mob Boss Adam Raki, Space loving Nigel, He's still badass though, Fluff and Smut, Light Angst, Falling In Love, Drug Dealing, Asperger Syndrome, Anal Sex
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Shoot Across the Sky, Part 2 of SpaceDogs Mobster AUs
Collections:	InYourSkin
Stats:	Published: 2018-03-25 Completed: 2018-04-19 Words: 16,613 Chapters: 3/3

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by AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Wendigobunny

Summary

Roles are reversed in this one. Adam is still on the spectrum, but very much not a fragile little teacup. He needs a new man to come join his team, someone who can handle getting bloody, and working in a life of crime. Will a stargazing Nigel meet up to his standards, and how will Adam's boyfriend, Darko, handle that?

Chapter 1

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Wendigobunny

Another day, another dollar. It all added up for Adam Raki. He'd made quite a name for himself in the greater New York area. It was a big city, and that meant profit. Everyone wanted the product he sold, be it crack, meth, cocaine, or even weed - though he didn't focus too much on the latter. He'd grown up well enough, but his father had passed when he was seventeen, so he'd had to learn to fend for himself.

Having Asperger's meant it was harder to deal with people, but once he'd researched and discovered the money he could make in this illegal, yet, lucrative business, there was no question he was meant it. It started with hacking into things for another boss man, one he'd had killed eventually, and then it was all *Adam's* terms. He developed a team of faithful men - men who served as muscle - and now there was no doubt what a badass he'd become.

The boy, well he wasn't a boy but rather a man of twenty-nine, sat in his office at the back of warehouse and ran his fingers over the soft leather of the black jacket he was wearing as he contemplated. His hair was wild, curly, but combed to be that way, and the tight white t-shirt he wore under it made him look like a modern James Dean. It had taken him a bit to get over the way the leather creaked when he moved, but he liked the smell, and found that people responded to him more when he dressed that way; it made him have a tougher appearance, which garnered respect.

It was nearly time for Darko, his boyfriend of thirty-two days, to come in and report the earnings from the night before. They'd met after Adam had hired him for the personable aspects of the trade; he was glad he didn't have to interact with the public as much now since having him on the team. He really enjoyed sex with Darko and was looking forward to more, preferably today, once business was discussed of course. Looking at his watch, he noted that his beau had three minutes to get there or he'd be late. That wouldn't be good, and it would throw off his routine.

Darko knew he was running late and it would throw Adam off, but so fucking be it. He'd deal with the consequences. Five minutes behind, he stormed through the door.

"Sorry, baby. I had to deal with...we had a problem. I took care of it though, nothing you need to worry about. One of our distributors thought he could skim off the top and we wouldn't count, but I counted and got every penny, rest assured, Adam." Darko slid the envelope of cash across the desk to the handsome brunet, his lips pressed into a thin smile.

Adam was upset at the lateness, but he heard Darko out first, trying to keep calm. An outburst in his office could be overheard by his men, and he wanted to keep his cool for now so he'd been squeezing a stress ball and tapping. When he heard the reason, he decided it was a valid one, but as he leaned over to take the envelope, he cocked a stern but also coy brow. "As your employer, I have to remind you to at least text me when you're going to be late," he said, his tone flat as he thumbed through the money. He got up and bent over, ass towards Darko, as

he put the cash in the safe next to some coke and guns. Looking over his shoulder, he smiled, “As your lover, I think you will have to make it up to me.”

The Romanian narrowed his cool blue eyes at Adam and nodded. “Of course, dragoste, anything for you,” he purred, coming around the desk and behind him and running his hands up his sides slowly. Taller than Adam by a few inches, he pulled his neck to one side, brushing his lips over Adam’s pale skin to graze his teeth down the length. “So, şeful, do you wish to be taken across your desk tonight, or in your bed?”

Adam’s breath hitched as he leaned back into Darko’s hold, enjoying the feel of his solid frame and muscles against his back. Turning his head, he caught his mouth, slowly circling around to face him and kiss him properly. “Over the desk I think, I have lubricant in the top right drawer,” he said, his hand trailing down the expanse of Darko’s muscular chest, to his abs. He was built very well, Adam often thought to himself. Perfectly engineered. “Fuck me, Darko. *Now.* Um, please. As I already have a plug in.”

A predatory smile curled his lips as he leaned over to open the drawer and retrieve the bottle, then set it beside Adam on the desk. He looked down and smirked as he unzipped himself and pulled out his fat, uncut cock, tucking his boxers and jeans under his balls and stroking himself until he was fully hard as he tongue kissed the sexy dark haired young man. “You’re always organized, prepared. Always ready for everything. That’s why you’re so fuckin good at what you do, aren’t you, boss?” he crooned, stopping to bite at Adam’s lips a little more roughly, before unzipping him next and pushing his trousers and briefs down to his thighs as well. He reached around to knead soft, full, round buttocks, fingertips tapping the end of the plug.

Adam let out a breathy moan when he felt Darko’s fingertips there, and he hitched a leg around a thick, furry thigh. “Always, yes, and it is why I excel at all things I do. At least as a rule. It’s why you enjoy it when I perform oral sex on you, too,” he grunted, reaching between them to grip the dark-haired Romanian’s cock, tugging on it a few times, then biting back at his lips as if to urge him on.

“Maybe you should get me ready to fuck you good then, yeah?” Darko rasped, kissing Adam hard and sucking his tongue once before pulling away and smirking, turning them both around so he could lean against the desk and putting both hands on Adam’s shoulders suggestively.

“Yes,” Adam agreed, and got to his knees, taking Darko’s cock in his skilled hand. He ran his hot tongue from balls to tip, then slid down the extra skin, suckling there with a throaty moan. The boy liked the way his boyfriend tasted, so he took him inside his mouth a few inches, eyes cast up, blue to blue.

That deceptively innocent face got him every single fucking time. Adam had a boyish sweetness in his baby blue eyes, but that made it only ten times hotter when he opened his mouth and sucked him down like a pro. Darko’s lips curled to a snarl as he prodded further, rocking his hips a little more each time until he could hit the back of his throat. Fuck how he loved to hear Adam choke just a little bit on his cock. “Good boy,” he murmured.

Adam pulled off enough to catch his breath and lick his lips and he almost explained that he wasn't a boy, but the *boss* . Still, it was hot to him, since in sexual activities, he leaned towards the submissive side. Taking his cock back down, he began to bob his head, slathering Darko's shaft with spit as a little dribbled from the corners of his mouth. He'd learned to not let that gross himself out in favor of the reaction it provoked.

The irony wasn't lost on Darko; he knew he was playing with fire just making the remark, but he also knew the boss had an addiction to his cock and he had to admit, it was exciting to him, teasing the sexy, powerful, handsome young Mr. Raki. He leaned on the desk, one hand caressing those soft dark curls as he bobbed up and down, lips getting more and more swollen as he worked up and down his shaft. When he felt he was too close to let it continue much longer, he grunted and pulled back. "Please, let me fuck you now, yes?"

"Yes," Adam whispered, his voice husky as he stood up and licked his lips. He moved forward and kissed Darko first, his hand snaking around the back of short dark hair to keep him there. When he was done, he smiled, fluttering inky lashes at his right hand man and lover. "Remove the plug and fuck me hard," he commanded, his voice nearly trembling with unbridled wanton lust.

Darko fucking loved that Adam knew exactly what he wanted and knew how to ask for it. He turned him around, kissing him deeply one more time first, and bent him over the desk, holding his legs open with muscular thighs. Rubbing over the jeweled plug, he pulled it out until it came free with an obscene pop, lube spilling out from Adam's pink, smooth pucker, gaping wide and ready for him. Darko moaned and squeezed more of the silky, expensive fluid over his engorged, uncircumcised erection, and pushed in easily, though it was still a tight squeeze for just how thick and fat he was. He grunted, biting the back of Adam's neck as he sheathed himself fully in his heat. "F-f-f-fuck….yes…." he moaned, bending him completely over Adam's expensive, neat desk.

Palms flat on the desk, Adam moaned, pushing his ass back against Darko's frame to take more inside. He just loved being taken by the big, dark haired man, and while he wasn't in love, he hoped that they would get there eventually. For now, it seemed to mostly be about the sex and the business. Either way it worked out, and the boy had never been fucked so expertly. "Oh, Darko, yes-"

Darko began a steady rhythm, cursing in his native tongue as his balls slapped against Adam's thighs, excess lube dripping down his thighs. He got lucky having such a good, fair man to work for, great pay and a fucking gorgeous lay to boot. Adam was unorthodox there was no doubt, but he was a genius with his business and people didn't fuck with him. Not to mention his men were loyal, mostly based on his reputation of never, ever lying. Adam was nothing if not honest, and people tended to respect that.

Darko began fucking him faster and harder, sucking hard kisses against his neck. He gripped his hips hard. 'Like that, Adam? I know you do, you always do, it was of course a purely rhetorical question," he said, knowing how literal he could be.

Since it was rhetorical, Adam didn't answer it, instead moaning louder and longer, his fingers scrambling for purchase amidst the smooth desk. He opted for gripped the ledge and used it

for leverage, his body shaking with pleasure as his prostate was stimulated perfectly. “Darko, I’m going to climax soon, oh, yes-!”

Darko pounded Adam hard, bending knees and angling his hips just right to hit his prostate and drive him to the edge. He pulled back and then drove in deeper, teasing and edging him, and reached around to begin stroking his dripping cock. Scratching the blunt nails of his free hand down his back, he gripped his flank once more and fucked him harder. “Come on me, come on my cock, come on Adam, ahhh…”

As if by command, Adam felt his body reach a new level, a hot lava boiling in his loins and balls; he came, hot and thick, over Darko’s fist as he cried out with blind desire. His hole squeezed around the thick shaft in his ass, and he panted, going through each wave of orgasm. “Darko, Darko-!”

Darko fisted him hard and fast and thrust in and out until he quickly pulled out, jerking his cock and coming between the cleft of Adam’s creamy, round ass cheeks. The thick fluid dripped beautifully, and he admired it for only a moment before grabbing a tissue from Adam’s desk and cleaning him up.

“Fucking amazing as always, boss,” he murmured, getting a wet wipe as well and tidying up more, as he knew being completely clean was of the utmost importance to his fastidious employer.

Adam pulled up his pants, happy from the sex, and the fact that Darko had cleaned him up. “Yes, it was really good, Darko.” He walked over and kissed him sweetly on the lips, then went to sit down at his desk, since it was clean. Adam opened his agenda and looked at what was on the docket. “Is my interview here yet? His name is Nigel, go and see if he’s here, please.”

The dark-haired man tucked himself in and nodded, tossing the napkins in the trash and running his hands over his buzz-cut hair. “Right away, *sir* ,” he said with a wink, and strolled out the door to call in the man.

Darko pulled his phone from his pocket and pulled up the man’s details, and strolled out to see the man sitting, waiting in the front office. When the man caught sight of him, he rose to full height. Tall, with dirty blonde, longish hair, dark skin, high cheekbones, bit of scruff, broad shouldered. He wore a dark blue suit and tie, sharp-looking enough. Good, he’d impress Adam at least having the sense to dress well.

“Nigel Zugravescu? You’re on time. Please, follow me,” he said curtly, not shaking hands. No need to make friends; Adam was the one who’d have to judge and hire him.

Nigel narrowed his eyes at the shorter man and nodded, following him down a hallway until they reached a door. After knocking twice, he opened it and they walked inside.

“Mr Raki, this is Nigel Zugravescu. Nigel, Adam Raki. Sir, I’ll be just outside the door,” Darko said with a nod.

Nigel walked inside, approaching the man. He was shorter, and much, much younger looking than he ever could have imagined. He couldn't have been more than twenty-four, with dark curls combed as neatly as they could be, cheeks flushed pink, damp red lips and large, doe-like blue eyes framed in thick, dark lashes. Fucking hell, he was the most strikingly beautiful man he'd ever laid eyes on. Nigel coughed to compose himself, trying not to stare.

"Thanks for having me," he said in a heavy Romanian accent.

Adam adjusted his leather jacket and gestured to the seat on the other side of the desk at which he was seated. He knew that being serious and firm was the way to go here. After a brief look over the blond man, he ignored the fact that he was quite aesthetically appealing, and clasped his hands together on the smooth surface in front of him. "Please have a seat Nigel. Thank you for being on time. I won't take up to much of yours, not yet. Not until I've decided if you can be of use to me." A pause and then, "Tell me why you're here, or rather why you want to work for me. What talents do you possess?"

Nigel sat, unbuttoning the suit jacket and sitting back in the chair. He couldn't help but notice Adam wouldn't look him in the eye, which he found strange and a bit off-putting, but he tried to overlook it.

"As I'm sure you know, I'm employed at Hayden Planetarium. I'm a senior optical engineer and I work on the telescopes there. It's alright, but I'm looking to make a little extra cash and one of my friends mentioned this...opportunity. Sounded pretty interesting. I've done work as a bouncer, some security shit." Nigel crossed his legs. "What is it you're looking for, Mr Raki?"

Adam did know of course, he'd had his men look into Nigel and the rest he'd done himself on his computer, but he liked hearing Nigel talk anyway. What the young entrepreneur didn't say was that he liked space and planetariums as a boy, but his choice of career had lead him down another path, so to speak. Leaning forward, he remembered that eye contact was needed, at least some, so he met the potential hire's eyes, finding he felt a bit overwhelmed by how appealing they were. He cleared his throat. "Accountability. Honesty. Loyalty." There was a pregnant pause as he considered his next words. "There are plenty of opportunities to make a very profitable wage here, if I choose to employ you. Will you do what is necessary if I require it? Do you have any problems with seeing blood or having it on your hands? I mean this literally and metaphorically."

Nigel pulled out a pack of cigarettes from inside his suit jacket. "Do you mind if I smoke, Mr Raki?" he asked suddenly, his nerves getting the better of him. He didn't mind the talk of blood, though it reminded him of the streets of Bucharest where he came from, and he knew where the conversation was heading.

In all honesty, Adam didn't like having to order beatings or death, but business was business. He looked at the cigarettes and furrowed his brows. "Yes I mind. You can smoke after we've finished the interview. You did not answer my question." It was rude to disregard a question when being interviewed, especially to then ask one, instead. It wasn't going very well so far, he thought to himself, but then again, he didn't need someone with manners or brains for this particular position, he needed muscle and cunning. "I'll be more specific, Nigel. If I need you

to kill or beat someone, can you do it, and will you? It's very likely you'll be needed for that."

Nigel sighed and narrowed his eyes at the young man, and put them away. He sniffed and nodded. "If you read up on me, you know I'm Romanian. I come from a very rough side of life. I can do what needs to be done, for the right price. No fucking questions asked. No mess, nothing to lead back to you. And loyalty? Where I come from, my word is my life. Betrayal means death. A man goes back on his word, he's as good as fucking dead. So yeah, you pay me, you ask me to do a job, I do it. I do right by you, I'm loyal to you, you have my word." Nigel lifted his chin and leveled his gaze at Adam evenly.

"I'm aware of your background, yes, just as you came here knowing I'd pay you," Adam said, keeping his tough yet not impolite demeanor. He could tell that following orders wasn't something that Nigel liked, due to the sigh and narrowing of eyes, but he did obey, which was good. Still, he'd need to work on that a bit. "Okay. I'd like you to work for me. You'll be given a phone that only myself and Darko have the number to, as well as a couple of burner phones. You get paid per job, and will go out with Anton tonight. He will show you what needs to be done, and when you've finished, you report back to me to be paid. If this is agreeable, I'll give you the handbook and then you can go, or stay and have something to eat."

Nigel was usually very, very good at reading people, but this kid was an absolute brick wall. Fucking gorgeous as sin, but no emotion whatsoever. That was probably why he was so good at his job though, and being this pretty, probably why he needed protection like that ugly fuck that brought him in here. He nodded gruffly. "You won't be sorry. Who's the guy that brought me in? That Darko or Anton?" he asked.

"That's Darko, my boyfriend and right hand man." Adam reached into his desk and pulled out a neatly bound book he'd put together for all new recruits. It wasn't the normal thing in a business like this, but Adam wasn't the average drug lord either. "You're to sign in on the timesheet outside my door here when you come in and when you leave, using an alias. Please let me know now which one you choose. I'm thinking something space related would do nicely."

Boyfriend Nigel thought to himself with a grumble. Not a surprise, but a disappointment. Not one to be daunted by challenges, he took the book, brushing his fingers against Adam's deliberately as he did. " *Adhara* ," he said in a rough, thickly accented voice. "It's a bright star in the Northern Hemisphere constellation Canis Major, home to Sirius, the brightest star in the sky, and also known as Epsilon Canus Majoris," he explained with a smirk, opening it before closing it again and tucking it under his arm. "I'll go by *Adhara* ."

Adam's eyes brightened at that, he was impressed with Nigel's knowledge, and at the touch he licked his lips, feeling a sort of spark shoot through his body. He was nothing though, if not faithful, so he nodded and tucked his hands in his pockets. "Okay, Adhara." The boy smiled then, his ears lifting under his curls. "Thank you Nigel. Wait here."

He walked out to get Darko and brought him in. Darko, this is Nigel as you know, please get him set up with Anton for tonight's deal okay?" Turning back to Nigel, Adam swallowed. "If

you have any questions that no one else can answer, my number will be in the main phone you'll be given shortly. Do you have anything you need to ask now?"

Nigel wasn't keen to flirt with his new boss in front of the *boyfriend,* so he averted his gaze from Adam and shoved the cell phone in his pocket, shaking his head. "I know everything I need to, and Darko can fill me in on the rest, yeah? Thank you, Mr Raki." His eyes flitted back over Adam and he looked sincerely at him, his deep brown eyes locking for only an instant before turning back towards Darko.

"I can take it from here, sir," Darko nodded at Adam in agreement.

"Good," Adam said, and leaned over to kiss Darko on the lips once, as if he was trying to steel himself and take his focus off of Nigel. He moved back and gestured them out. "Thank you."

It was really disturbing to Adam, just how attracted to Nigel he was. He'd never felt such an instant pull, not even with Darko. Still, he was happy with his boyfriend and thus, he let it go.

Nigel's jaw shifted and he gritted his teeth a little, pressing his lips into a smile and walking away to move in front of Darko. It was quite an unnecessary display of affection, but one he read loud and clear - Adam was spoken for. Well, it didn't mean he couldn't fuckin look. When he heard the door close behind him, he looked over his shoulder at the sharp clap of Darko's heeled dress shoes on the tile.

"I'll get you set up with Anton and he will take you to the meet up with the other men. It's a simple deal, nothing too dramatic, but it will be a good way to introduce you to the others and integrate you into our team. There will be more serious jobs coming down the pike, and Adam wants you ready when the time comes. We are very, very serious about our work. He is an excellent judge of character, but make no mistake, if you cross him, or any of us, we will not hesitate to kill you immediately. This is no joke, you understand?"

Nigel nodded. "Perfectly."

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Nigel was as good at it all as he expected he'd be, but they didn't really make him do anything too serious his first night out. Darko took him to see Anton, the guy he'd be working with most of the time. They were supposed to be the muscle guarding Darko as he negotiated a deal with some guy - a middle management drug dealer - for a new supply line running through one of Adam's club's on the East side. Apparently Darko wasn't happy with who they sent to do the negotiating, but he went along with it anyway for now and would bring it back to Adam to see if would be good enough. Bottom line was, nothing really happened.

By the end of the night, Nigel had a new unmarked gun, his burner phones, this weird ass fucking leather bound book Adam had given him, and a cool wad of cash for a few hours of standing around looking intimidating. Well, actually take that back; just for looking like regular old fucking Nigel Zugravescu. It's just that in New York City, even though he was an optical engineer with a rabid interest in astronomy, his unusual appearance - cheekbones that

could cut glass - made him look exotic enough that most people thought he was a man not to be fucked with.

As he crashed in his humble apartment, shedding his suit and tie, he groaned and climbed into the shower, letting the water heat up and finally walking in and shutting the glass behind him. Closing his eyes, a smirk formed on his lips as he thought about that pretty, strange new little boss of his. So very, very serious. Not a hint of humor or anything, yet obviously young as fuck. So, that ugly Darko was his type, huh? Well, at least Darko was Romanian, but he knew he was better looking anyway. He laughed to himself as he lathered up his furry torso and his hands wandered lower to his cock, and he hummed as he pictured those mesmerizing blue eyes and gorgeous full, pink lips. Nigel knew he had to somehow have him. One way or another, he just *had* to. He started stroking himself as he imagined how those lips would feel on his cock, sucking him down, how those dark inky curls would look between his thick thighs. It didn't take much to have him shooting ropes of come over the wall of his shower, one hand splayed out over the linoleum as he panted raggedly, cussing and whispering that name over and over without even realizing it. "Adam…"

Fuck. He had a crush on his new fucking boss.

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A couple of weeks passed and Adam found that Nigel was doing very well in his new job. Of course he knew he still had his day job, but this one would earn him far more money. Either way, things were going optimally. The young boss found he was more and more fond of the blond with each day and they'd developed a sort of friendship. He'd told Nigel about his Asperger's, which wasn't something he just told anyone, though most knew there was something unique about the raven-haired beauty.

Darko and Adam were doing okay, but they didn't seem to be spending as much time together it seemed, but he assumed it was just due to how busy things had been, which was fine. It was afternoon when Adam heard Darko stomping back towards his office, so he smiled, waiting for him to come in and give him any news he might have. They were going to have a date tonight, which the boy thought would be good for their relationship since things had been sort of sparse lately.

Darko knocked twice, as he customarily did, waiting for the okay before entering. Arms folded across his chest, he approached Adam with a grim look on his face.

"Hello darling. Ah I have some bad news. I know we don't like changes of plans, but can't make it tonight. There's been a problem in Chicago, and I have to attend to it, personally, Adam. I'm so sorry…" Darko lowered his chin sadly and put his hands on Adam's shoulders, a look of regret in his sharp eyes.

Adam furrowed his brows, his lips pressed into a thin, disappointed line. He hadn't heard anything about Chicago, which was curious but he trusted his boyfriend and knew he was likely looking out for the good of the business and the team. "It's okay. I'm.. I'm not happy, b-but I understand. It needs to be done and I'm grateful to you for handling it. I guess I'll have to get one of the men to watch over tonight. I think Nigel would be best, he's superior to

all them, excluding you of course. He can stay and guard me and my home until you return." The boy leaned in and hugged Darko, giving him a soft kiss. "When will you be back?"

Darko shook his head. "Not sure really. Depends how tonight goes. I hate to be so uncertain, but as soon as I have more of an idea, I'll let you know, okay?" he said. He pulled his sleeve up and checked his watch. "I really have to go, baby, okay?" he said quickly, kissing Adam on the lips briefly before turning for the door. He turned back again quickly. "Nigel will be here in about five minutes, and he's never late," he said, before quickly leaving.

"Goodbye, Darko, be safe," Adam called out, slumping back down in the chair. He was really dismayed, and the way his boyfriend just rushed off was strange too, but he knew it had to be done. He decided he might make some phone calls later to check on things in Chicago. For now, he took a breath and sat up straight, waiting for Nigel.

Only a couple minutes passed, and Nigel arrived, knocking quickly on Adam's door. He'd opted for a tight black NASA tee shirt and black jeans along with a brown leather jacket. Knowing his boss didn't like smoking in the office, he'd chained smoked on the way in and brought nicotine gum with him in hopes it would help his nerves. Checking his breath, he figured it was okay and waited, slicking back his hair, gun stowed in the small of his back.

Adam walked over and opened the office door, his eyes roving up and down Nigel's impressive form. He swallowed, and stepped out of his work space, keys in hand. "I am ready to go to my apartment now. You can drive me there, and stay overnight. I assume Darko has already briefed you on your tasks for the night, Nigel?" Adam smiled at him, his skin pinker than usual as he was very drawn to the handsome blond.

Well god damn. Adam looked ten times sexier than he'd remembered, and he wished he'd worn baggier jeans. He hoped he didn't get a hard-on, but he couldn't worry about that now. "Yeah, he briefed me, Mr Raki. I'll get you home and stay there until he's done in Chicago, yeah?" Nigel replied, looking around the office before bringing his amber gaze back at Adam, unable to resist looking him up and down. He filled out the seat of his slacks just perfect, that tight, round little ass curved in just the right way. "You, ahhh, you want to go now?" he asked.

"Yes," Adam answered, to both questions, and then looked him over once more as he locked up the office door and gestured for Nigel to lead the way to the car. He was excited about getting to spend more time with him but he knew he still had a boyfriend, so he'd behave. It wouldn't be looked upon well if he had sex with his employee, even if he'd thought about him a few times while masturbating. "You can call me Adam when it's just you and I, okay?"

"Anything you want, *Adam* ," Nigel drawled, leading the way to the car, looking around carefully even while they were still in his own building.

The drive to Adam's penthouse felt too hot, and Nigel put on the air conditioning in an attempt to behave himself, although his cheeks were far too flushed. It was really the first time he was alone in such an enclosed space with Mr Raki - *Adam* - and the sexy, powerful young man left him feeling incredibly disarmed in a way he was definitely not used to feeling. Of course he hid it well, remaining well-possessed. "Any stops you need to make, or straight home?" he asked, trying to keep his tone businesslike and taking the opportunity at a

red light to look Adam over again. God, did he even know how fucking gorgeous he was? He could be a model with that jawline.

“No, just take me home, please,” Adam answered, looking over at Nigel with his seat belt firmly in place. He admired his profile, the way his cheekbones seem to cast a shadow, making him appear regal and yet fierce all at the same time. He did look menacing, but very sexy, Adam thought to himself. He needed to stop thinking of such things, so he focused on his boyfriend, Darko. It reminded him he would need to check the security cameras he’d had installed there to make sure no one was trying to break in. Yes, he’d do that later.

“As you wish,” Nigel replied with a smile, and piloted them straight to Adam’s residence.

Chapter 2

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Wendigobunny

They soon arrived, Nigel parking the vehicle and checking the area carefully as he walked Adam to the door. Adam had cameras all over of course, and Nigel verified that the parameter, both interior and exterior, was secure before getting Adam inside. Satisfied it was, he unlocked the door using the keypad and let them both inside.

“Home sweet home,” Nigel said, lights coming on automatically as he waited for Adam to disarm the alarm keypad inside the door.

Adam disarmed it and set his bag on the hook, removing his shoes by the door. He gestured for Nigel to do the same and smiled. “Thank you, Nigel. I will need to go to the camera room to check on Darko’s home. You may come with me if you wish, but first, I think I need to offer you a refreshment. Would you like one? You can also make yourself at home. I want you to feel comfortable since I know it might be strange having to sleep in a new place.” That’s how it always felt for Adam, anyway.

Nigel took the cue on the shoes, and while it made him uneasy to be without them, he felt confident enough he could still do his job in his stocking feet if he had to. If anything came down to a foot chase anyway he’d have his gun to do the running for him. Pulling them off, he lined them up neatly beside the door and took off his leather jacket, hanging it on a free hook beside Adam’s.

“Thanks, Adam. You have a great view of the sky up here. Mind if I take a look out back? Supposed to be a meteor shower tonight,” Nigel remarked, pointing at the floor to ceiling glass rooftop deck.

“I don’t mind, I’ll get some slippers for you and when we come back in, I’ll get us something to drink,” Adam said, removing his jacket and hanging it up. He would wait on checking the cameras too, and go look at the stars with Nigel. It was the proper thing to do as a host, even if he was the boss, he reasoned internally. Since they were going out, he slipped on his own house shoes, grabbed a pair Darko had used then padded over near him to lead him out once he’d handed over the slippers. “I hope they fit.”

Nigel grinned up at Adam as he crouched down to slip them on. Fucking hell, but his eyes were blue as the sky. His glasses slid down his nose a bit, and he quickly righted them as he stood back up. “Yeah, they fit fine, thanks. Probably nothing with alcohol, want to stay sharp, obviously, boss,” he chuckled, biceps flexing as he shoved his hands in his pockets.

Adam liked the glasses Nigel wore, along with his NASA shirt that was so tight he could see his nipples through them. He also noticed how his muscles tightened and bulged. He nodded a little *too* enthusiastically, curls scattering, and chest heaving with a deep breath to still himself. The boy needed to remember his morals; it was ironic since his line of work, but he still had a code, so to speak. “Yes, I wouldn’t want to dull your senses. You’re welcome. Let’s

go.” He smiled, then bit his lower lip, leading him out onto the rooftop deck, closing the door behind them.

The Romanian’s eyes drifted to the way Adam’s cheeks flushed bright pink, almost a blush on the apples of his smooth cheeks, and it made him look boyish. He looked so young considering his job, but of course that didn’t matter, he told himself. The man was his employer, paying him to fucking protect him, not leer at him for fuck’s sake. Still, what was the harm in admiring? Those pretty, pearly white teeth biting the ruby pillow of his bottom lip, just like he’d love to...he shook his head quickly, clearing his throat and following the young man outside.

“Fucking hell. This high up, You don’t have much light pollution at all,” he marvelled, sauntering to the railing. He looked back over at Adam with a wide smile. “See that bright spot? That’s Venus,” he said, pointing upward.

Adam looked at the spot Nigel was pointing to and then back at him. He looked so handsome. The boy walked closer, leaning next to him on the rail and nodded. “It’s beautiful. I don’t get a chance to look at the stars often, b-but I like looking at them with you, Nigel,” he said, somewhat softly, his blue eyes blown black and glistening by the light of the pale moon. “No there isn’t very much light pollution up here. It’s one reason I chose it.”

“It’s, uh, gorgeous,” Nigel stumbled on his words, really referring to Adam, not the scenery. He smirked and leaned on the railed, slowly licking his lips unconsciously. “I’ve been drawn to the stars since I was a boy in Romania, to be honest with you, Adam. Life was rough there, and I think I found a bit of peace in something that was so concrete and certain. Science, it’s a constant, it’s solid, it always makes sense when nothing else does. It can be translated into life too, studying the patterns and chemistry in people, yeah?” he said, rubbing his subbled jaw thoughtfully.

“That makes sense,” Adam nodded, having watched Nigel’s tongue. He licked his own lips, turning to face him. Why did he have to be so intelligent , strong, and handsome? Adam of course knew that was a silly question to even ponder, but it still made things hard. Well, as was a little noticeable in his pants. “It’s unfortunate you had a rough life there. Most people assume I did, but I didn’t. Things happened that brought me to this choice. My father died and I had to pay my mortgage because I didn’t want to move. Ironically I ended up moving anyway due to this.” He didn’t even realize he was leaning closer to Nigel, until their arms brushed.

Nigel could feel the heat between them, how his body responded to the young man, and he knew he was playing a dangerous game, but since when did he ever shy away from danger? Granted, in his line of work, he really never encountered it anymore; maybe he was getting soft in his life as a simple engineer. He’d chosen the road of academia; his father wanted better for him, working hard to make sure he went to American, got into a decent school and had a better life than he’d had, at least as an adult. And here he was, seeking out extra money and a little excitement anyway. Maybe it was his fate to be a bad man.

He didn’t bother moving, even as Adam’s arm contact his and he felt that spark between them. “Well, it’s a fucking great view, I have to say,” he quipped, his amber gaze burning red hot as he looked pointedly at the handsome brunet.

Adam didn't move away either, feeling something he couldn't explain. He felt hot too though, his heart beating faster in ways that he'd never felt with Darko. The young boss was just glad his employee - his… friend - was here with him. He wondered though, were they friends? He hoped so. "You're looking at me when you say that, are you still talking about the stars?" he asked, blushing a little, but the boy was direct. "Also, are we friends in addition to our employer, employee relationship? I ask because as I've said, I have Asperger's and sometimes I assume someone is thinking the same as me. I'd like to be friends, but only if you want to."

Nigel's full lips curled into a smirk and he turned his body towards the shorter man, one hand on his trim waist, the other still alongside Adam's, holding his touch. "I normally don't mix business and ahh, pleasure, but I think I'd enjoy being….friends, if you're open to it. Maybe we have a lot in common, you never know unless we find out, yeah?" he said, a huskiness in his voice. "You know, if you think your boyfriend won't mind, that is. He lets you have *friends* , right?" he asked with a low chuckle.

Adam allowed himself the opportunity to look from Nigel's lips, to past his glasses, right into those eyes. He felt his belly flip as he did, proverbial stars bursting behind his eyes. "P-pleasure…" he whispered, then stopped trailing off. "Yes, something in common. We have work in common, and I also like science and space, or I did when I was younger, I just didn't pursue if because of the path I chose." He really wanted to kiss Nigel. Badly. But he wasn't unfaithful. "Oh, my boyfriend, um, no he doesn't mind. He has a good friend that's a guy, Vince is his name. Speaking of D-darko, I need to check the cameras and make sure his home is okay. Are you coming, Nigel or d-d-do you want to stay out here?"

Nigel watched those big blue eyes darken, could almost feel his pulse quicken in that long, porcelain smooth neck. Fuckin hell, he wanted to taste that skin so fucking badly. "I think I should come inside with you, since I am your protection, after all," he said, moving away from the rail and walking towards the door to go back inside. Holding it open, he smiled. "After you," he said with a wink.

Adam smiled and nodded, curls scattering a little just before he walked inside, murmuring a 'Thank you' as his ass flexed with each step he took. He lead Nigel to his camera room, and sat down, getting ready to pull up the feed. When he did, he saw Darko there. "He's home?" Adam asked, puzzled, watching his boyfriend just in black boxer briefs. He looked back at Nigel then at the screen, watching as a lithe young boy walk up to him. "That's Vince… why is he there?"

It was mostly speculative of course. That is until… Vince was in underwear too, then he tugged them up and Darko picked him up, hands under his ass, both men kissing eagerly and hungrily. Adam gasped… emotion taking over him at the betrayal, more than it being love.

"He l-l-lied to me… he didn't go out of town… he wanted to have sex with Vince… "

It wasn't hard to put the pieces together and see this lovely young man fall apart before his eyes. He'd thus far been fairly staid but now, witnessing what he'd seen on the black and white camera footage, it was clearly upsetting as it would be for anyone. Nigel quickly neared Adam, not knowing exactly what to do, so he put a hand on his shoulder, solid and

firm. “Adam…” he said in a deep voice, not sure what if anything he could do at a time like this.

With a jerk of surprise, Adam took a shaky breath, but didn’t pull away. His face was red, mostly with anger at Darko, and he angled his body more towards Nigel. “I don’t understand why people lie… why they betray.” His heart was broken but again, more so just because he did care for Darko and because he *trusted* him. How would he keep him on his team now? On one hand, he needed him to continue working for him, he was very useful, but on the other, he hated him, or it felt that way. “Nigel… I wanted to kiss you but I didn’t because it would’ve been wrong, but Darko did this, and I don’t know what to do.”

“Good god, you don’t have to do, or decide anything right now darling,” Nigel said, all in a rush. He’d gotten more used to the way Adam tended to work things in his head out loud by now, and he knew this was something he was going to process the same way. “Maybe the first thing we should do is get you a drink, yeah? Just help calm down a bit? I...I mean Adam, fucking hell, of course I want to kiss you too, just to be clear as fucking day, yes...but...let’s maybe, maybe have a drink and sort it out a bit first, yeah? I’ll do whatever you ask. You’re the boss, Adam,” Nigel responded, reaching out to him but not sure what to do, really.

“I wasn’t asking to kiss you now, and I d-d-don’t want you to kiss me just because I’m your boss,” Adam stammered, his whole body starting to shake. He wasn’t explaining things right, and everything was falling apart. He couldn’t lose it in front of his employee, so he took a big breath. “Go make us both a drink, please. I’ll be back.” Adam walked off and went into the quiet room he had, out of view, and started throwing around items in there, slapping his brow. Nigel would think he was weak, then all his men would know, he’d be ruined.

Nigel had a chance to read up on Aspergers and knew the signs of overload. His instincts kicked in and he took a risk. Following Adam quickly, without asking, he turned him around and pulled him close to his chest, wrapping his arms tight around him, like a cocoon. He began slowly rocking him, tucking his chin in his shoulder and breathing slowly against his neck. “You’re ok, you’re ok, you’re ok, you’re ok,” he chanted in a deep voice, keeping steady pressure. It wasn’t meant to be at all sexual, but to calm him.

Adam hadn’t realized Nigel had followed him into the quiet room, his back had been turned as he’d started throwing things, but when he felt those arms around him, he started to calm. A shaky breath was released and took in Nigel’s scent. In that moment, he didn’t care who was boss and who wasn’t. He just wanted to be held. It was that thought and need that had tears streaming down his cheeks, emotions he hadn’t let go of in a long time. “Nigel…” he whispered, feeling a closeness he’d not fully allowed himself to before.

The Romanian felt the vulnerability in how Adam trembled, and it wound it’s way around his heart. He found himself pressing his lips in a closed-mouth kiss to the brunet’s neck. “I won’t let anyone hurt you, I promise,” he whispered then, before he could even stop the thought from coming out. He didn’t even know why he said it. It sounded so sentimental and fucking cheesy. “I mean, you know….Yeah…” he stammered, and began rubbing his back soothingly, continuing the embrace. In that moment, he just wanted to truly protect this beauty, shield him from all harm physical and emotional.

Turning his chin up, Adam felt himself warm at that promise. Despite just having been betrayed by Darko, he *believed* Nigel. He'd felt that closeness already and now it was more than palpable. In his mind, he and Darko were through, and obviously Darko did too, or he wanted his cake and to eat it too, as the expression was known. Adam wanted no part of that. He smiled at Nigel, and reached his hand up to hold his face, liking how it felt beneath his palm. "I know you will." His words were soft, yet still flat as always, and he licked his lips. "If you want to, I'd like for you to kiss me. I think it's okay since I'm not Darko's boyfriend now."

"I'd like that, too," Nigel replied. He tipped Adam's chin up and captured his mouth swiftly, slipping between those pearly white teeth and sliding across his smooth pink tongue. He braced Adam's soft curly head in both hands, walking him backwards until he had him against the wall. He moaned with need, hoping it wasn't too much but not able to stop himself.

It wasn't too much at all. Adam wrapped his arms around Nigel and suckled his tongue hungrily, yet softly. He moaned, exhaling through flared nostrils, and massaged his slick muscle with the Romanian's. God it felt so good. It was way better than kissing Darko actually. Hips rolled and his back arched, a leg coming around to hook behind Nigel's. The boy was on fire, all thoughts of the betrayal fading away for now. "Mm…"

Nigel's hands roamed down to the swell of Adam's ass, the same one he'd been staring at for weeks now, and he cupped each cheek, pulling him up against his groin. Panting, his lips moved down Adam's neck, licking and nipping kissing up to each of those tempting ears. "I've been fucking thinking of this since the day I met you, if I'm being completely honest, Adam," he confessed. "I know it's not right. I tried to keep it to myself, be good, be a good employee...but fucking hell...I want you...I can't lie."

"I want you too, Nigel, and I have wanted you since we met," Adam confessed reciprocally. He lolled his head to the side, giving Nigel room to do what he wished there, his cock pressing hard against him through his pants as fingers gripped strong biceps. "I don't think it's wrong. I'm no longer with Darko." Adam moaned, rolling his hips wantonly, not wanting Nigel to ever stop, he needed him, needed to feel his skin against his own while he writhed beneath him. "Oh Nigel, please fuck me."

Nigel growled at the requested, sharp, crooked teeth biting hard over his pulse, not enough to break skin, just enough to mark him. He pushed his thigh between Adam's legs, his own thick cock snaking down tight black jeans and pressing against him. "You want this, Adam? Fuck, gorgeous, I want to be inside you so fucking bad. Gods…"

"I do," Adam reiterated, not thinking about how Darko would see the mark but if he had, he would have decided that was just fine since he had video footage of his ex cheating. The boy moaned, grinding against Nigel's thigh, one of his pressing against the blond's encased erection. With a smile, he kissed him again, then pulled back to look into his eyes. "Then take me to my bedroom, please. I need evidence to support your claim."

Nigel picked Adam up eagerly, walking through the doorway. "Tell me where. I'll support the claim all you want, all night. All the evidence you need, gorgeous....where's the bedroom?"

Fuck, he couldn't wait to strip him naked and start feasting on that perfectly round ass he'd been staring at for weeks on end.

"It's the last door at the end of the hall," Adam said, kissing on Nigel's neck as he was held, holding fast. His cock pressed into the Romanian through his clothes and his breath came faster. He had been thinking of this very scenario for some time, but again, hadn't asked for it because of Darko being in his life and his boyfriend. "You taste good."

"I bet you taste good everywhere, and I swear to fuck, I'm gonna find out," Nigel said, toeing the door open as soon as he reached it and taking long strides to the bed. As soon as he reached it, he laid Adam down and pushed him up the bed, crawling on top and crushing his mouth with another rough, fast kiss. In between gasping, furocious licks, he tugged up his shirt, pulling his own over his head as well as Adam's trying to undress each of them as fast as he could. "God yes, oh fuck you're….you're so sexy," he whispered in awe as he eyed the younger man's flawless, pale pink skin.

"So are you," Adam murmured, running his fingers through Nigel's chest hair and around then down his back. He slipped off his pants, shimmying them down, then helped Nigel with his until they were both nude. The young boss was eager too. When they were both naked, he wrapped his legs around him, their cocks pressing together, skin kissing skin. "Oh Nigel…"

"Tell me exactly what you want, Adam. You're in charge. Do you like it rough? Slow? Hard? Fuck, look how fucking gorgeous your body is, angel, but it's these eyes of yours. I could fucking die if yours was the last face I saw," Nigel said, cradling Adam's face as he stared adoringly at him. He was stroking every available inch of bare skin, brushing his lips over pebbled nipples and freckled collarbone, ending at his lips and gazing smitten into eyes that looked like they contained every constellation in the galaxy.

Adam's breath hitched at that, never having heard anyone talk to him that way. He held Nigel's gaze, finding sincerity and passion there, that even he could see. A moan slipped past his lips as his body was played like a fine instrument. "I… um. I think start slow, then rough, fast, and hard?"

"Anything and everything you want, Adam," Nigel said, his voice rough with need. He took his mouth again, kissing him deeply before moving back down again, all the way down his body. The Romanian tasted every inch of skin, massaging and licking all the way down to the apex of his thighs, deliberately avoiding his cock and moving down his legs to his feet, calves, ankles, and inner thighs. Nigel left no bit of skin neglected, and by the time he'd reached Adam's cock, he knew the young man would be aching for attention. He looked up at him with a smirk and sucked the tip into his mouth, taking him to the back of his throat quickly with a hum and popping right back off. "What does my gorgeous boss want now, hmmm?"

Adam was so overwhelmed with pleasure and passion, that he could barely speak. Yes, Nigel truly was much much better than Darko. "I want you to do what you want. I… I just want you."

It was all he knew to say because if he thought too much about the options, he'd start analyzing them and would become distracted. It was better, at least to start, to let Nigel take

the lead. “It all feels so good. Please just… d-don’t stop. Oh, and I’d like to be penetrated soon as well.”

The boy wouldn’t mind reciprocating either, but again, the choices were many.

Nigel was hard as a rock and leaking against the bed, and knew exactly what he wanted, so he decided if his employer wanted him to take the lead, that’s exactly what he would do. With a dark smile, he turned Adam over on all fours and pulled his hips up, spreading his legs apart.

“Then, tell me, darling, where do you keep the lubrication in here? I will get you ready to be fucked properly,” he said, stroking Adam’s cock beneath his body as he massaged his round, beautiful cheeks.

“In the n-nightstand,” Adam managed, so aroused he could barely see it seemed like. He looked over his shoulder at Nigel, sweeping his bubblegum pink tongue over kiss swollen lips. The way Nigel handled him was perfect, he thought to himself. “I am eagerly anticipating that, Nigel. I suspect you will be very good at anal coitus. I mean… at fucking me.”

Nigel chuckled. “You’re about to be proven right.” He located the bottle and opened it, kneeling behind him. He popped the cap open and squeezed the clear fluid over his fingers, rubbing it over the younger man’s perfectly smooth, pink, winking hole. He pressed a finger over, admiring the way it twitched like it knew exactly what it wanted. As soon as he pressed his index finger in, he was sucked deeper and he moaned at the hot crush of Adam’s body. “Oh fuck, you have such a hungry tight hole, don’t you?” he murmured. He stroked himself with his free hand, slicking himself up as he bagn pumping his finger in a bit deeper.

Adam almost pointed out that anuses weren’t capable of consuming, but then he realized it didn’t matter, the pleasure was too much. He moaned and groaned, taking a breath to relax himself. His body surrendered to Nigel, like it was made for him, and maybe it was. Maybe they were made for each other in the wake of all the violence and sadness, the destruction and chaos. That was how the universe was formed after all, at least in the boy’s mind. He wasn’t into space like Nigel, but he was smart enough to know that. A big bang had brought them together, metaphorically speaking. So instead of the aforementioned answer, he nodded, his head dropping between his shoulders. “Oh yes, Nigel. Hungry for your cock.”

Porn came in handy with the language.

The Romanian added a second finger, twisting his wrist and pumping in and out, gently at first but gradually increasing in speed. He leaned over Adam’s back, biting kisses down his spine and up the back of his neck.

Once he was satisfied Adam was ready for him, he slathered a generous amount of lubrication along his girth and stroked himself, running a hand along Adam’s lower back and slapping his flank once. “Fuck, you really do have a fucking perfect ass. Ass of an angel,” he whispered, rubbing the fat head of his cock along the cleft. He lined it over his hole and pressed in, just enough to admire the quivering resistance. “Are you ready, gorgeous?”

“I do?” Adam asked, not having known that but he was glad that Nigel liked it at least. “Thank you.” A breath was drawn once more in preparation for the very wanted assault, and he nodded, further relaxing himself. “Yes, I am ready. Very much so.”

Nigel drove in, first half way, and groaned at the constriction of his tight channel. He dropped to his elbows, peppering kisses along the back of his neck. With a harsh grunt, he thrust in to the hilt, one hand gripping Adam’s hip hard enough to leave bruises. “Oh, fuck, Adam….fuck….God you feel perfect….”

“Oh yes, Nigel-” Adam moaned breathily, gripping the sheets white knuckled. His back arched and his ass pressed out high, his whole body shaking. He knew then and there that he had in fact been right about his speculations concerning Nigel’s abilities. “You do too. So good… I… oh, wow-”

Pulling nearly all the way out, he drove back in, slow and deep at first, building up just as Adam asked. His balls slapped against him, exhaling through flared nostrils and gritted teeth. He slapped his ass again, admiring how his pale skin blushed beautifully. It wasn’t too hard, just enough to leave a pink handprint.

Adam panted, his body a blaze and skin buzzing; every fiber in his being seemed to sing and cry out for Nigel. He saw some of those stars behind his eyes as he was fucked just perfectly, his own cock slapping against his belly from the movement. “Harder, oh please-”

He shifted his hips just so and growled, driving in rougher then, and began driving in and out fast, pounding Adam, nails raking down his skin and leaving lines almost as though he wanted to mark him, brand him every way he could, erase every trace of his former lover from him. He wanted to remove that man from his life, and he was determined he would if it was the last thing he did. “Harder you’ll fucking get, gorgeous,” he huffed out raggedly, his lisp and accent heavy as his pleasure built.

“Oh yes, Nigel,” Adam all but yelled, feeling everything so intensely. He was tuned into the experience, into Nigel. The boy was working on removing Darko from his life, not wanting him there either. The marks on his skin from his new lover, he would relish. It was only about Nigel, even though this was their first time, Adam had wanted him since they’d first met. “Mm, you feel good. Like that. I like it.”

Nigel scraped his teeth over the back of Adam’s neck and snaked his hand between his belly and the bed, gripping his cock and beginning to jerk him off. “Like how my cock feels inside you when I fuck you hard like this? I’m gonna fuck you every night, Adam. Every night from now on, you understand? Oh fuck, feel that? Feel me hitting you right there?” he groaned as he tapped his little almond shaped nub inside, rubbing his thumb over the head of Adam’s cock on the upstroke.

“I f-f-feel it, Nigel,” Adam grunted, pleasure overtaking him as he neared orgasm. He wanted Nigel to fuck him every night. What did that statement mean though? Were they more than friends now? He’d ask later, he couldn’t focus on that at the moment. “I want this every night, oh, Nigel, I’m about to climax.”

“Fucking hell, angel, so am I,” Nigel moaned. In one motion, without slipping out of him, he dropped to Adam’s back, flattening him against the bed, and rolled them both to their sides. Sliding one arm around his belly, he resumed stroking his cock as he fucked him, one leg hooked between Adam’s for leverage as he built up a steady, fast rhythm again. “Gods, just like that, just like that, perfect, feel how deep I am, feel it… oh fuck ...oh fuck…” The wetness from the lube on his hand had him slapping fast and tight around Adam’s cock, his palm a wet channel for the boy’s turgid length.

“N-Nigel,” Adam mewled, gasping out ragged breaths as he was taken. “I feel it, I feel you,” he cried out, his orgasm burning in his loins as he fucked into Nigel’s hand. It was blindingly beautiful, pleasurable, and it only took a half a dozen more thrusts and paired passes before he was coming. He erupted in the grip of his released, his body and hole seizing, hot seed gushing over the Romanian’s hand and onto his sheets. “Oh, yes, yes, yes, Nigel!! Ohhhhh!”

As the boy’s body rippled around him, Nigel came himself with a thunderous roar, pumping his seed inside and filling him, the pearly fluid spilling and squeezing out from around his thick cock. “Adam! Oh fucking hell, yes, Adam! “ he rasped, slamming into him over and over hard until he collapsed, completely spent, licking beads of sweat that dripped down the beautiful brunet’s neck. “Good fucking christ, that was fucking incredible, angel.”

“It was yes,” Adam agreed, and turned around to face Nigel when he felt the cock in his ass soften. He kissed him passionately, holding his face. He was eager to tell Darko they were broke up in all honesty. The boy wanted to ask what this meant, but he was the boss, he didn’t want to seem weak, or pushy, or like Nigel was a rebound, so he decided to wait and not spoil the moment. “I really enjoyed it and would like to again sometime soon.”

Nigel chuckled and nuzzled the younger man, kissing his neck softly. “Well, as soon as I have a bit of time to recover, angel. Fortunately I am here for the weekend at your disposal to...protect you and all,” he answered.

“Yes, you’ve done a great job so far,” Adam giggled, letting his guard down, dropping the boss mentality now. He was the boss, so it wasn’t a lie, but he wasn’t as tough as he had to show to everyone else either. With Nigel he felt he could be himself, which was really nice. “I am glad you’re here, Nigel.”

“As am I, Adam.” He kissed him again. In the pocket of his jeans on the floor, his phone buzzed. “Ah fuck. I think that may be...work related...you related…” he laughed, reluctantly sitting up. “And, do you want me to fire Darko?”

“At the moment you rank lower than him. Um, not with me, but as a whole in the company. I don’t know it will take if you do. I think I should, plus I don’t want to create hostility towards you, b-but thank you for offering,” Adam smiled, not meaning anything bad by it, but Nigel was the newest recruit after all and Darko was, until tonight, his right hand man and boyfriend. He wished Nigel could fire him though. It would be so much easier.

Nigel shrugged, understanding. It wasn’t what he wanted to hear but of course it made sense, and Adam was in charge. “Whatever happens, your protection is my priority.”

"I really like you, Nigel." Adam wanted Nigel to know he didn't mean anything by that, and that he meant well. "Thank you."

The Romanian retrieved the phone. It was Anton, calling him about another job they had been working on. He wouldn't need to attend to anything until he was finished working for Adam that weekend, but all the same he'd wanted to check in. "No changes," he said, tugging his briefs over his hips and picking up his clothes from the floor. "Did you want me….do you want me in here tonight while you sleep?" he asked.

"I want you to sleep with me because I like you," Adam said, reiterating what he'd just stated. He frowned though, wishing Nigel wasn't still acting like all he was was another paid employee. The young boss sat up and looked at him. "Nigel… you didn't have sex with me just because I'm your boss did you? I thought we had a connection outside of that working relationship. Maybe I'm wrong though, I often misinterpret other people's feelings."

Nigel pocketed his phone and walked over to Adam, grabbing his elbow and sliding his hands around his waist. "Oh...I, uhm, oh fuck. No, Adam, I really fuckin like you too. I didn't have sex with you because you're my boss. I did it because I'm attracted to you. You're gorgeous and yeah, we have a connection," he said softly, tilting his chin up and brushing their lips together to kiss him. "You definitely have not misinterpreted that."

Adam was happy about that. He smiled, nodding gently and kissed Nigel back. "Okay, that's good. I sometimes do, so I thought it was best if I found out so I wouldn't make any assumptions that could create awkwardness for you or myself. I'm attracted to you also, Nigel. Very much so."

"So, I'm glad we're in agreement. I'll sleep in here because I like you, and want to, yeah gorgeous?" Nigel purred. "Let me just do a walk through and make sure everything is secure. I'm sure you have a nightly routine to attend to." He kissed him once more before leaving to do just that.

"Okay, Nigel. Thank you," Adam agreed, and then got up, he went to the bathroom to clean up, then began his routine. Just as Nigel said he did in fact have one. He'd talk to Darko when he 'got back' from his trip, and show him the footage of him attending to business, in Vince's ass. The little joke was funny, and he giggled outwardly as he brushed his teeth. It was a testament to the fact that he really didn't love his ex at all. He'd hoped he would eventually before, but he felt a real connection with Nigel. When he was done, he padded back out to find him.

Nigel had checked all the doors and windows, everything secured and locked satisfactorily. He strolled into the kitchen, running his fingers along the perfectly clean countertops, and back into the living room. He was surprised to find a few books on astronomy there, not too much, still it brought a smile to his face.

" *Cosmos* ? Not something I see on every *club owner's* bookshelf," he said with a chuckle, tilting his head and moving back across the room to Adam as he walked in, eager to touch him though it had been only minutes since he'd last done so.

Adam blushed, hooking his arms around Nigel's shoulders. He was just as ready and willing to touch and be touched by Nigel. "I did say that I do like space, and almost delved more into it," he giggled, looking into his eyes more comfortably than he'd done with anyone else. "I like making models too, or used to. I just don't have the time like I did before I started this business."

Nigel found himself caught up staring into those blue eyes again, those thick lashes that curled up at the ends in a perfect flip, flushed pink cheeks, flared nostrils, red lips he'd only *just* been kissing...he leaned in and kissed him again, pulling him tight against his body. "I might be getting addicted to you, Adam. You're too fucking kissable. Anyone told you that? Hmmm."

"No, no one has," Adam whispered, his ears lifting as he grinned boyishly. He kissed him again, also needing it, and slipped his tongue inside a bit forcefully to taste him. Maybe he was getting addicted too. Well, he certainly felt the chemical and biological way in which his body and mind was responding to Nigel. "You're kissable too and I don't mind if you become addicted."

Nigel swept his tongue along Adam's bottom lip and took both sides of his head in his hands, hooking his thumbs beneath those perfectly adorable ears. "That's fucking lucky for me then because I am definitely getting into this habit. Mmmm. You taste so, so good angel. You might even get me to quit smoking, if I can taste you instead, you know?" he said with a smirk.

"Really?" Adam raised his brows, unable to stop smiling for now. He really really liked how it felt to be in Nigel's grasp. He liked how he kissed him like he couldn't get enough. The young boss had a feeling that he would never cheat on him, not like how Darko did. He kissed him yet again, pressing his chest against the blond's. "I like how you taste too. I want to have sex again soon."

Nigel ran his large hands up and down Adam's back, ending by cupping his high, round ass and squeezing one cheek. "Good, cuz so do I. Think you can take it again?" he teased. Gorgeous and insatiable? Did he hit the jackpot or what? Adam was the entire package.

"I can yes. I can take it now if I wanted," Adam flirted, trying to be coy and sexy. It didn't always come off right, not with tone, or body language but he hoped that Nigel would get it. He slowly ran his tongue over the other's lips, taking his upper one into his mouth as his hips rolled and undulated.

Nigel didn't want to make Adam too sore too soon, but damn he did want to fuck him. There were other things they could do. "Fuck. Bedroom again. Now," he said, steering the brunette backwards and running his hands all over him hungrily. His taste, his touch, his scent - Nigel wanted all of him. Every bit, all the time. His new, gorgeous addiction.

Chapter 3

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Wendigobunny

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After a weekend of love making and getting to know one another intimately, Adam knew it was time to have the talk with Darko. He'd do it later in the evening, go to his house and speak with him on his own. Right now, he was enjoying lunch with Nigel, freshly showered and dressed. "I hope going to Darko's on my own is a good idea. I don't think he'd hurt me, but I'll take my gun if nothing else. I'm going to break up with him and fire him. Maybe I shouldn't fire him though. He's good for business. I could always relocate him. What do you think, Nigel?"

Nigel didn't want to keep the guy around, naturally, but he also had to think of this rationally. The guy knew people, and knew a lot of secrets about Adam. "Let's think about this first, Adam. He has a lot of info on you, right? He's been your right hand man. He's got the kid already right? Maybe...maybe you shouldn't fire him. I hate to say it, I don't want him around either, but maybe it would be better to move him to another sector for awhile, somewhere with his boy, get him out of sight. Because if you fire him, he could wind up in the hands of one of your enemies, and that could be bad, yeah?" Nigel said, rubbing his jaw.

Adam nodded, glad that Nigel liked his relocation idea. It was really nice to know that he could be very helpful with these things, since decisions were sometimes hard for the boy. "Okay. I think that is a good idea." Walking over, Adam sat on Nigel's lap, sideways, and draped his arms around his neck. He leaned in and kissed the skin there, and then his jaw, leading to his lips. "Thank you for your advice. I would like you to be my new right hand man. I-If you want."

Nigel breathed deeply, still so intoxicated by his proximity even after the time he'd spent with Adam. The gentleness but passion behind those sweet lips of his were more than he ever could have wanted or asked for, in fact everything he knew he'd ever desire. And now that he had him? He'd never let him go. Picking up his wrist, he lifted it to his lips, brushing kisses along the inside and then weaving their fingers together before pressing another to his mouth. "Darling, I'd love to. I'll do the absolute fucking best for you, I won't let you down. You have my word, and my word is as good as my life, angel," Nigel said, his eyes shining.

Breath hitching, Adam drank in Nigel, feeling as though he might drown in him. Not literally, that would be silly, but he just loved everything about him. Or strongly liked. Either way he felt as though he could come to love him, unlike Darko. The boy looked into his eyes, his own sparkling with affection, maybe it didn't show due to his stoic gaze but it was surely there. "I believe you, Nigel. Thank you. I will try not to ever let you down either."

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Later that evening Adam waited until Darko texted and said he was back home, and got his plan of conversation in his mind. He rehearsed it a couple of times with Nigel, grateful for his help, there since conversations of such a magnitude were often tricky. Either way it had to be done. Nigel had insisted on coming along and waiting outside, which the young boss was happy about. They loaded up and set out.

When they arrived, they parked a ways back so Nigel wouldn't be seen, and Adam got out, a gun tucked in the back of his jeans. He walked up to the door and knocked, waiting for Darko to answer.

Darko answered the door as casually as he could, greeting Adam with an easy smile. "Hello, baby," he said, leaning in to give him a kiss.

Adam turned his face, the kiss landing on his cheek. He patted Darko's arm. "Hello, Darko. We should talk." He walked inside before the man could try to kiss or grab at him anymore and closed the door behind them. "How was your trip? Is everything okay with our deals there?"

Darko swallowed slowly, the coldness felt distinctly in the air between them. "Everything went fine. We stand to make a good profit from the uh, new arrangement. Something wrong? You seem a bit, tense," he said, following Adam into the living room.

Adam looked at Darko, no expression on his face, and then pulled out his phone, starting a video. The feed from Darko's home, with Vince while he was 'out of town'. "I think this will offer an explanation as to our current predicament, Darko." He waited until the clip was over and then put away his phone. "I don't see how we made any money with your penis inside Vince's ass. I hope you can see now what it is that is wrong."

Darko exhaled heavily through his nostrils, his lips pressed into a thin seam. He crossed his arms over his chest and stepped away, watching him carefully. "Adam. I didn't...I mean...I apologize. I didn't intend to hurt you. What have you decided to do about it, then? Or have you decided?" he asked. His voice was tight, clipped. It was always very hard for him to tell what Adam might be thinking or feeling, and he wasn't sure if Adam would fire him or kill him. He felt for the gun in his arm holster under his jacket just in case, though he sincerely hoped Adam wasn't going to resort to violence. It wasn't beyond the realm of possibility but he couldn't tell how angry he was.

Adam furrowed his brow, and he looked up to meet Darko's gaze. "I really liked you, Darko. I enjoyed sex with you and had hoped one day we would fall in love. It's okay though. You lied to me, and you know how I feel about lying, but I'm not going to fire you. I don't want to kill you either. You're more useful to me alive, and to the business." The young drug lord took a breath, his finger tapping on his own forearm. He knew Nigel was outside if he needed him, but he hoped he wouldn't - it could all turn to blood in the blink of an eye but it wasn't preferable. "I have decided to forgive you. You and your new lover, if you chose, will need to move. I know that might be hard, but there is another sector that I think you will do better in. You're a good and faithful employee, even if you weren't faithful romantically. I will even cover the moving costs but I'd like to see you as little as possible, at least for now. Also, Nigel is my new right hand man, I thought it best to let you know now, so there's no confusion later." Adam neared the door, and then remembered he needed to add one thing.

“If you betray me in our dealings, I will have you killed. I don’t want that, so please don’t fuck me over. I wish you the very best, Darko, and will be keeping an eye on you.”

The Romanian had certainly seen this side of Adam before in dealing with their mutual enemies, but never had he been on the receiving end. Frankly, it was fucking terrifying. The complete lack of emotion and flat tone sent a chill up his spine, and his mouth went dry.

Really he should be grateful, but he couldn’t stop his hand from shaking. He shoved it deeper in his armpits to try and hide just how nervous he was.

“Nigel, yeah? Well, I hope he does right. Thank you, Adam. I….I won’t betray you. You….you can count on me. Thank you. And, I am...I am sorry.” he said, his voice faltering before he coughed to try and cover it up. He quickly moved his hands and put them in his pocket. His palms were sweating. He moved back even further from Adam. “I wish you the best too.”

“Thank you, Darko.” Adam noticed the shift in him a little, but resisted the urge to reassure Darko. He was the boss, bosses didn’t do that. He nodded and placed his hand on the doorknob. “It’s okay, as long as you don’t do it again, there won’t be any trouble.” He smiled as he opened the door to leave. “Tell Vince hello for me. Goodnight.”

It was hard having things have to come to this point when only a few days ago they’d been making love, but he had Nigel, though maybe not an official relationship yet, and he couldn’t be with a liar. Some liars were worth loving but not Darko, he didn’t feel that way anyway. Adam closed the door behind him and looked around to see if Nigel was nearby or in the car. He was proud of himself though and knew it was what had needed to be done.

Nigel was relieved as hell to see Adam come out. He was leaned on the car waiting for him, and opened the passenger side door, searching his face and holding his arm out as he approached. “He didn’t touch a fucking hair on you, yeah?” Nigel asked, looking him over, though he looked perfectly fine. Fucking amazing really, though that was beside the point.

“No, he didn’t touch my hair. He tried to kiss me initially, but I turned my face,” Adam said leaning in to kiss Nigel once before he got inside the car. When Nigel was in, the boy buckled up. “I told him everything we practiced mostly. He seemed a little nervous but all in all, I think he took it well. He apologized.” Adam reached out and rubbed Nigel’s thigh. “I told him I’d have him killed if he betrayed me. I also informed him of your new role.”

Nigel felt his cheekbones warm at the strong words from the handsome young man. “Well, he should be nervous. I’ll protect you myself if he ever hurts you, angel.” Nigel turned Adam’s jaw towards him to kiss his lips, darting his tongue out to taste the sweetness there. “He’ll have both of us to fucking deal with. You’re fucking amazing Adam. I love you…” Nigel said, brushing a dark curl off Adam’s forehead.

Adam's eyes widened at the confession from Nigel, and he kissed him again. They weren't even boyfriends yet, but somehow it made sense. They'd spent time together before now, and of course, the wonderful weekend that had just passed. "I love you too, Nigel," he blurted out in response, meaning it. He knew they'd make a great team, no doubt there, even if it was logically impossible to predict the future. He didn't care. He felt happy and hopeful. "Are we

boyfriends now, since we love each other? I knew I was developing feelings for you, and after this weekend, it seemed like we were likely falling love but I wasn't sure until now."

Nigel cupped his jaw and licked into his mouth with a moan at the words, not yet starting the car. “Nothing more I want actually, gorgeous. I’d be the fucking luckiest guy. I...I know I can be impulsive. I’ve been falling for you since the moment I met you, if I’m being honest, darling. It’s just everything lately really just - I do love you, angel.” Nigel’s amber eyes glittered under the street lights as he stared into Adam’s face, smitten as he was.

“It’s okay. I’m happy you love me, because as I said, I love you too. I never thought I could fall in love, but you’ve become like a part… of me,” Adam confessed, looking into Nigel’s eyes. It was ironic a little, kissing Nigel in the driveway of his ex boyfriend’s home, but he didn’t mind. He was the boss after all, so he kissed Nigel yet again, his fingers going into the man’s long ashy blond strands. “I’m glad we’ve established that.”

“As am I, darling. Let’s go home and fuck to celebrate, yeah?” Nigel chuckled, taking the back of Adam’s head in both hands and kissing him hungrily, deeply, as though claiming him as his one and only.

“I’d like that a lot,” Adam agreed, his lips swollen and red from the kisses. He liked them a lot. The boy was happy they were together, and his cock throbbed just thinking how they might celebrate together. He also realized that Nigel referred to his home, as theirs. Maybe they would move in together eventually.

Nigel drove to Adam’s apartment, too eager to get back there and still with his bags from the weekend in the trunk. He was a little too aroused and perhaps love-struck to think about practical things like going to his own apartment, not to mention, Adams penthouse was far and away nicer and more secure.

He couldn’t stop his hands from wandering over Adam at every stop light, groping like a horny teenager, until at long last they were in the parking garage and stumbling into the elevator up, past the guards and up to the door.

Adam had enjoyed every touch along the way, his body starting to burn with the fires of desire. His cock was as hard as concrete now, and he was all too ready to be fucked or to fuck him. Either one would be fine. When they finally got to the door, the young boss pushed Nigel against it, kissing him hard and deep as he fumbled for his keys. He moaned, writhing, and giving friction to their groin.

Finally, he opened it, and Adam kiss walked Nigel inside, closing the door with his foot as he toed off his shoes, and dropped the keys in the holder. As he began shedding their clothing, he bit down his neck, his breath hot against already heated skin. "Mm, Nigel."

This urgent, wanton side of Adam stoked the flames of Nigel’s need, and he groaned at the perfect sharp teeth scraping his skin as his large hands skated up the young man’s bared flesh. Shoving a muscular thigh between his legs, he ground his hips against him. “Fuck, Adam…”

Adam was awash with pleasure, his dewy skin pink and warm with telltale signs of arousal. It wasn’t needed, his cock and ministrations were proof enough of that but it backed it up. He

dug his nails into the Romanian's strong back, raking his nails down it as he sucked his tongue, their bodies now naked and pressing. He pulled back long enough to whisper. "Take me. Take me hard, please."

Nigel ran his hands down the back of Adam's thighs and pulled both legs up to pick him up, around his waist, strong arms wrapping his back and flank as he carried him to the bedroom. "I'll fucking do just that, gorgeous. Nail you to the bed, yeah? Give it all to you…" He released him to the mattress and dove right in on top, crawling up his body to capture his mouth in another ravenous kiss, teeth clashing against teeth.

Adam knew those were just analogies, so he moaned out a *'yes'* as muscular legs wrapped around Nigel and clung. He arched into him, rolling his hips to rub the crack of his ass against Nigel's throbbing shaft. His hands were equally seeking, fingertips pressing firm and demanding into taut, tanned flesh. "Oh, please, yes-"

"Greedy, eager boy, yeah? Want this thick fucking cock deep, don't you," he growled. Nigel wrapped his hands around each wrist and quickly pinned them above his head, kissing up his neck as his cock dripped pre come between Adam's ass cheeks. Holding them together with one hand, he reached into the end table drawer for the lube and dropped the bottle beside them, kissing him deeply. "Mmmm…"

"Yes. I want that. I want you, very much, Nigel." Fingers curled into his own palm and Adam was writhing and moaning wantonly. He loved how it felt to be taken this way, to give himself to Nigel, and trust him implicitly. The boy's cock jumped, his ass ready to be filled, though he wasn't rushing either. This was their celebration, time to savor each other, and let their actions be proof of their new bond, as well as budding relationship.

Nigel uncapped the bottle with one hand and drizzled some of the silky fluid over his palm and fingers, rubbing it slowly up and down the crack of Adam's ass, between his cheeks and over the soft pucker. So responsive, so sweet, the way the little hole twitched for him, and he pressed his index finger in, gently fingering him as he leaned down to kiss him while he worked him open. "Gorgeous Adam, beautiful, love, just beautiful…."

"Oh Nigel," Adam breathed out, kissing Nigel back slow and somewhat sloppy. He relaxed his hole best he could, his balls moving a little from all the excitement. Hips rolled, and his smooth chest heaved, loving just how the Romanian's thick fingers felt inside. "More, mm, give me-"

Nigel slid two fingers inside, his palm pressing against the underside of furry, plump balls as he worked thick digits in and out, moving his tongue in synchronicity as he explored Adam's lush mouth. "Taste so good, angel," he nearly cooed, and the Romanian leaned up on one elbow for leverage, fingertips sliding in deeper still as he sought the most sensitive place inside him. "Like that...hmm?"

"Yes it's good," Adam moaned, his body relaxing into the sensation. He loved how Nigel felt inside of him, whether it was his cock or his fingers. "I'd like to taste you too, somehow, and at s-some time," he managed to say finally, his cock leaking.

“Yeah? Maybe I should give you a little taste before I fuck you, hmm? I have been wondering how those beautiful lips might look wrapped around me...do you want to, gorgeous?” he asked, sitting up and leaning back on his heels. “I can straddle your head and feed it to you, right there, darling, hmm?”

“Yes, that is the scenario I was hoping for,” Adam moaned, thinking of that very thing. He didn’t mind which way Nigel turned, as long as he got to taste him. Though it was probable that facing him would be easier for oral at least. Adam getting too into his mind about it, so he motioned for him to come closer. “Please, I’d like to suck your penis now.”

All too eager to do exactly that, Nigel stood and lowered himself over Adam, kneeling over his shoulders until his balls rested on that gorgeous, cut jawline. He opened the boy’s mouth, rubbing the glistening, full head over ripe red lips, pulling the foreskin back. “Stick out your tongue for me, angel, yeah?” he asked, biting his own lip.

Adam did as he was instructed, the fact that Nigel was being the boss right now really aroused him. He thought about handcuffs, gags, and whips. At some point anyway. Certainly a blindfold. He’d seen all that in porn, and how bosses often liked to role play in a submissive role for a nice change of pace. Another conversation for later. With a breath, he kept his tongue ready, big doe eyes cast upwards.

Nigel tapped his thick meaty girth on the pretty, pink tongue in front of him, slapping it wetly before slipping it between soft lips with a low groan. Just a little bit, though his cock twitched involuntarily, urging him to thrust deep, but he controlled himself. Leaning one hand on the headboard above him, his taut, furry abdomen flexed as he used the other to guide himself slow and steady in and out of Adam’s mouth. “Wonder how much you can take, darling. More, hmmm?” he speculated though he knew Adam couldn’t speak with a mouthful of cock.

Adam wondered if Nigel knew sign language, he did, and he could reply that way, but he decided that it was likely rhetorical. The young boss moaned, though it was muffled, and opened his throat, laving his tongue around his shaft as much as he could considering just how thick it was. It was sexy though, watching how the older man responded to him, how his body moved. Adam reached down with his free hand, and started to jerk his own cock as the other stayed on Nigel.

Fuck, his beauty was fucking perfect at this sucking like a pro. He began rocking his hips, a little further each time until his head hit the back of his throat. He let go of the root, held the back of the head board with both arms, biceps bulging, and began to truly fuck Adam’s face for several moments, riding deeper and harder until he could hear a nice little choke from him on each thrust in, spit dribbling thick from the corner of his swollen lips. After a while, he withdrew and crawled down to let him catch his breath, kissing him deep and sucking pre come from his tongue. “Fucking god damn you’re a fucking god at that gorgeous...gonna make you come so hard now, angel, so fucking hard….”

Adam took that opportunity to catch his breath, then kissed Nigel hard and sloppy, wrapping all limbs around him as his body burned with need. He let his fingers trail down to the pert muscular globes of the Romanian’s ass, and gripped, kneading. “Yes, Nigel, I want to um, come on your cock…” A pause then he decided he’d try something new. “ *Daddy,* please.”

Nigel's eyes snapped open at that word, and he growled, reaching down to pull Adam's right leg up. He hooked it over his shoulder and lined the head of his spit-drenched cock over his well-lubed, nicely stretched hole, and sank all the way in with a groan. "F-f-fuck….oh fuck. Adam….."

With a gasp, Adam dug his nails into Nigel's arm, happy it had a favorable effect on him. He licked his lips as his hole stretched even more around the thick girth of his boyfriend's cock. "Oh It feels…. Oh yes, Nigel-"

The Romanian's cock throbbed around the hot, silky grip of Adam's body, and he panted, staring into those endless eyes as blue and multi-faceted as the galaxies. He moved his hips, pulling out and pushing back in, slowly rolling and undulating in a building rhythm. "My beautiful angel, nothing feels as fucking perfect as you...we're connected like all the stars in the sky...everything, my everything," he babbled, lost as he was in pleasure.

"We are," Adam smiled, then his lashes fluttered as pleasure took over. He leaned in to kiss him, slick tongues sliding together in tandem with the rhythm of Nigel's thrusts. They were making love, Adam knew that much, and he finally grasped what the concept of the expression meant. A connection? Certainly. One that far surpassed any other. "And you feel perfect too, I will be your star, if you're my sky, metaphorically speaking and… oh, oh my… mmm."

Nigel moved from his mouth and along his defined jawline, grazing his teeth down Adam's neck, beneath his ear and over his lobe, sucking hard kisses down his collarbone and chest and lapping each nipple to a taut peak. Sitting up a bit, he shifted his hips just so, Pulling Adam's leg up higher just enough to angle his cock so the head would tap against his prostate. He spit in his palm and began stroking the brunet's cock, amber eyes burning down into blue. "Does that feel good, angel?" he asked as he pumped his cock, rolling his hips into him faster.

"Yes, it feels very good," Adam replied, his words spoken with breathy moans. He felt his belly tighten, his orgasm churning within, and down to his balls as his almond shaped nub was stimulated just how he liked. Nigel was playing him like an instrument; somehow he just knew how to pull Adam to the edge, then drag him back before he could tumble over. It wouldn't be long though, he was aware he'd come soon if his boyfriend kept at it like he was.

Nigel felt his own climax boiling low and deep in his balls as he jerked the sexy brunet off, rubbing pre come over the head of his cock and down his shaft as he watched his beautiful face contort with pleasure, nostrils flared and sweat beading up and rolling down his brow. His lips were red and swollen from both Nigel's kisses as well as his own pearly, sharp teeth, and he was the image of wanton debauchery, writhing beneath him. The Romanian couldn't believe how gorgeous he truly was, and he twisted his wrist a bit, stroking faster to get him off as his hips twitched tellingly. "Gonna come angel. Feel me come inside you, oh fuck, oh Adam, Adam…!" he cried out, unable to hold back as he spasmed and exploded with no more warning, filling Adam's ass with his hot seed.

Adam came right then, over Nigel's knuckles. His hole clamped and twitched, his body tensing. He raked his nails down his beau's back, licking into his mouth with heated breath and drawn out moans. Nigel was sexy, beautiful, and powerful, also a very good lover. The

young boss knew he was fortunate, they both were. “Oh Nigel,” he finally managed when he caught his breath, then slowly ran his tongue over those full, perfect lips. “Mmm.”

“Gods, you’re fucking amazing, angel,” Nigel whispered, sucking Adam’s tongue into his mouth and kissing him deeply. He remained inside him until he softened and slipped out, and rolled to his side, spooning him and kissing his shoulders. “Wow…”

“So are you, and yes, I concur,” Adam responded, softly, leaning back against Nigel’s solid frame. He was happy with him, in love, and he knew that they could only grow from here. Things had shifted quickly, and while he usually didn’t like that, somehow it was fine because they had each other. Soon they’d live together he figured, and maybe one day, marriage. That was all thoughts for later. No rush yet. Turning back, he kissed him sweetly, smiling, and looking into his eyes. “I love you, my Nigel.”

“And I love you, Adam. I’m so fucking glad we’re together. We’re going to make a perfect team, you and me,” he said with a smile, and kissed the handsome young man. He truly felt he could lay forever with him forever and be completely happy, like they were meant to be...and perhaps they were.

Chapter End Notes

We're working on another boss!Adam fic atm, and this one is with canon Nigel, as well as Mobster Will & Hannibal. We liked this AU so much we couldn't let it go just yet, even if the two fics aren't connected lol. We hope you enjoyed this one and that you'll check out the next one. :D Ty for all the comments and love!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!